ill-natured stories. Any unpleasantness that it caused between us personally was of the briefest duration. It would have been odd indeed if I had been jealous of her, or she of me. Apart from all else, I had met with my little bit of success in such a different field, and she was almost another Madame Vestris in popular esteem.

When I was playing Blanche Hayes in "Ours," I nearly killed Mrs. Bancroft with the bayonet which it was part of the business of the play for me to " fool" with. I charged as usual; either she made a mistake and moved to the right instead of to the left, or *I* made a mistake. Anyhow, I wounded her in the arm. She had to wear it in a sling, and I felt very badly about it, all the more because of the ill-natured stories of its being no accident.

Miss Marie Tempest is perhaps the actress of the present day who reminds me a little of what Mrs. Bancroft was at the Prince of Wales-'s, but neither nature nor art succeed in producing two" actresses exactly alike. At her best Mrs. Bancroft was unapproachable. I think that the best thing that I ever saw her do was the farewell to the boy in " Sweethearts.'* It was exquisite!

In " Masks sand. Faces" Taylor and Reade had collaborated, and the exact share of each in the result was left to one's own discernment. I remember saying to Taylor one night at dinner when Reade was sitting opposite me, that I wished he (Taylor) would write me a part like that. " If only I could have an original part like Peg! "

Charles Reade, after fixing me with his arnused and *very* glittering eye, said across the table: " I

have some-
thing for your private ear, Madam, after this repast!"
And he came up *with* the ladies, sat by me, and, calling
me "an artful toad"—a favourite expression of his for
rne!—told me that *he,* Charles Reade and no other, had
written every line of Peg, and that I ought to have known